



THE YEAR-BOOK

CLASS OF 1937

**UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL
OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY
COLUMBUS, OHIO**

THE STAFF

ROBERT STEPHENS (Chairman) Business Manager

RICHARD BENNETT Pictures

JOHN MARQUIS Printing & Binding
WARREN MATHEWS Assistant

ANN SCHANFARBER Sales

PHYLLIS KESSEL Literary Editor

THE FACULTY



Left to right: Rear row—Bradshaw, Van Til, Hennessey, Casey,
La Brant, Weideman, Sanderson, Cowell

Third row—Giles, Waite, Phillips, Albright, Fray, Boye, Milligan

Second row—Moore, Willis, Millar, Vance, Albright, Ort,
Moehlman

Front row—Lindquist, Wilson, Hengst, Richebourg, Blunt,
Whitney, Fawcett

TO THE SENIORS OF THE CLASS OF 1937:

Although you have come to the end of high school days, and even though you realize that now you separate to go your several ways,—this should not make you sad! The days ahead will be full of adventure. Each one will be a challenge and a spur; out of each one you may take success and happiness if you will. Not necessarily success which the world acclaims but that quiet achievement which enables you to sleep at night in the knowledge that the day has been well spent, that it has brought you increased understanding of living and that you face the morrow with fresh purpose and courage.

If I might wish for each of you one thing, it would be this realization,—that nothing can hurt or harm you but yourself, that you alone can defeat yourself, that no matter what may come to test you, you can find in it seeds for future growth. If I were to warn you against one thing it would be against self pity and concern that drains the spirit.

Each of you is different. Each has his strengths, his talents, his own particular contribution to make to life. Great or small, be sure and make it! The world has need of you. We send you forth to serve. To the extent that you serve others rather than yourself you will find happiness.

Virginia S. Sanderson



JANET BAKER

Maroon House

Intramural Athletics

B. U. G. Club '36 '37

Hi-Lights '37

RICHARD BENNETT

Blue House

Dramatics

Music Club

Orchestra '34 '35

Student Council '37





IRWIN BLACKBURN

Maroon House

Hi-Y Club '37

Varsity Basketball '37

Buckeye Leaves

Hi-Lights '37

ROBERT BOHANNAN

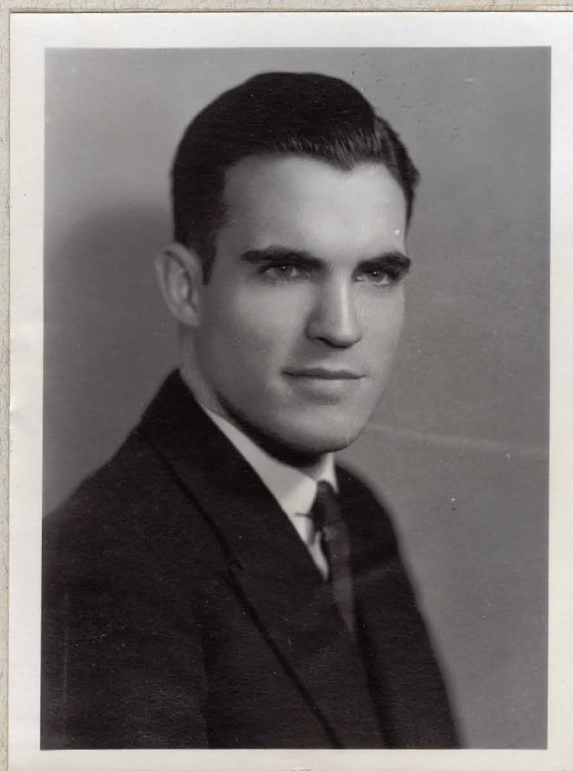
Maroon House

Intramural Athletics

Buckeye Leaves Treasurer '37

Music Club

Student Council President '37



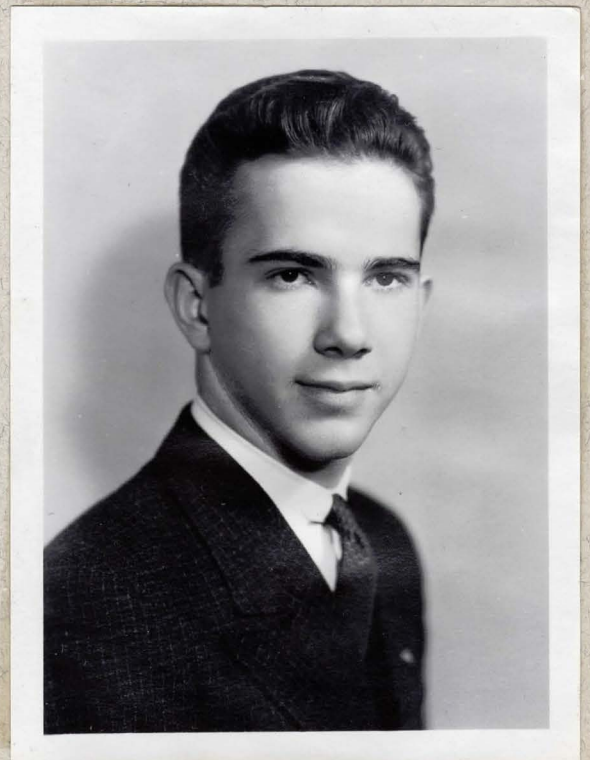


JOY COUCH

Green House
Intramural Athletics
B. U. G. Club '36 '37

EVERETT DAKAN

Maroon House
Intramural Athletics
Hi-Y Club Treasurer '37
Varsity Basketball '37
Varsity Football '37
Varsity Swimming '36
Varsity Track '36 Captain '37
Athletic Board





WILFRED DAWSON

Maroon House

Hi-Y Club '37

Varsity Basketball '37

Dramatics '36 '37

HAROLD FISHER

Maroon House

Intramural Athletics

Hi-Y Club '35 '36 '37

Varsity Football '37

Varsity Swimming '36 '37

Varsity Track '35 '36 '37

Music Club

Orchestra

Student Council '36 Treas. '37





ROBERT CARTER

Orange House
Intramural Athletics
Hi-Y Club Secretary '37
Varsity Basketball Manager '37
Varsity Football '37
Dramatics

DOROTHY CODDINGTON

Blue House
Intramural Athletics
B. U. G. Club '36 '37
Cheer Leader '36 '37
Dramatics '34 '35 '37
Music Club
Orchestra
University Hi Singers





MARGARET FISHER

Orgnge House
Intramural Athletics
B. U. G. Club '36 '37
Buckeye Leaves
Hi-Lights '36 '37
Dramatics
Music Club
Orchestra

JOYCE GOSS

Blue House
Intramural Athletics
B. U. G. Club '36 '37
Hi-Lights '36 '37





JANE HERN

Orange House

Intramural Athletics

B. U. G. Club '36 '37

Dramatics '36 '37

ROBERT HILDRETH

Blue House

Intramural Athletics

Hi-Y Club Vice-President '37

Varsity Football '37

Dramatics '37





DOROTHY HOXWORTH

Blue House

B. U. G. Club '36 '37

Dramatics '36 '37

JACK HUGGARD

Orange House

Intramural Athletics

Hi-Lights '34

Dramatics '35 '36 '37





THEODORE KALASSY

Maroon House

Intramural Athletics

Hi-Y Club '36 '37

Varsity Basketball Manager '35

Hi-Lights Business Mgr. '37

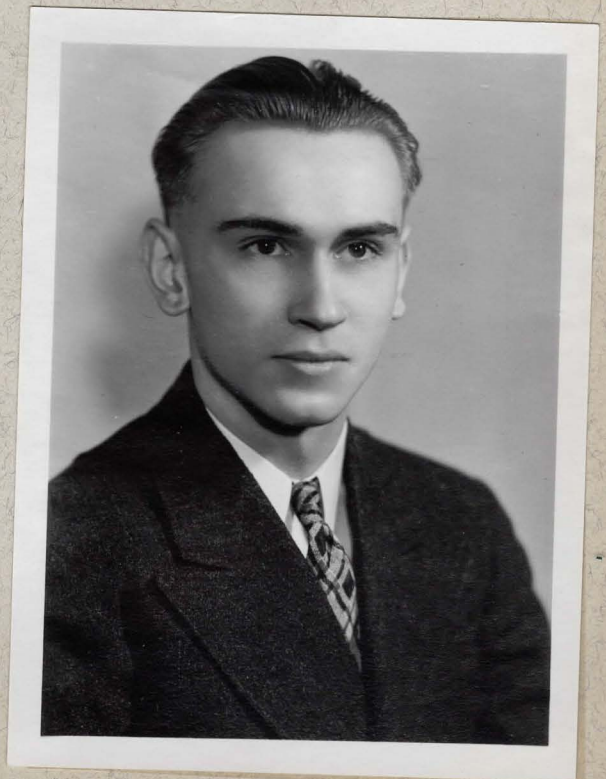
Buckeye Leaves '35 '36

GEORGE KEIL

Orange House

Intramural Athletics

Hi-Y Club '36 '37





PHYLLIS KESSEL

Maroon House

Intramural Athletics

B. U. G. Club Vice-President '37

Hi-Lights '35 '36 '37

Dramatics '35 '37

Athletic Board

HOWARD KNIGHT

Orange House

Intramural Athletics

Hi-Y Club President '37

Varsity Football '37

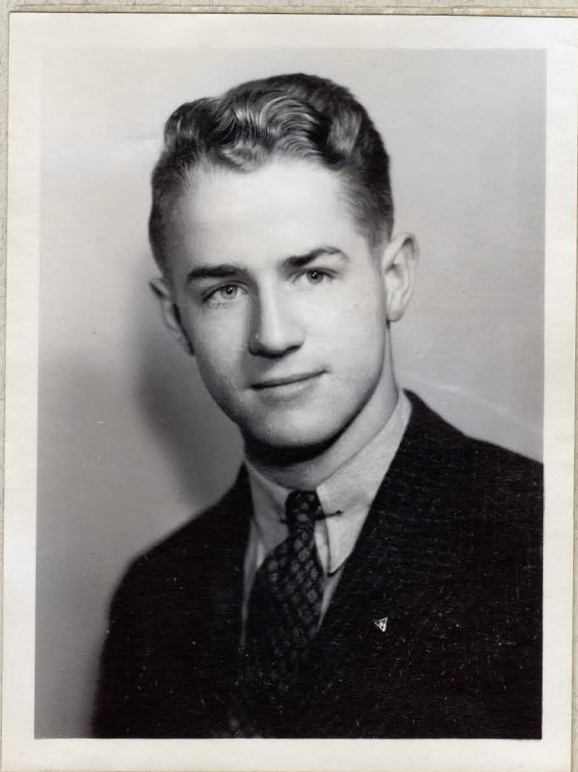
Varsity Swimming '36 '37

Cheer Leader '36

Hi-Lights '36

Dramatics '36

Student Council '37





JOHN KUHN

Intramural Athletics
Orchestra

RALPH LUCAS

Green House
Intramural Athletics
Buckeye Leaves
Dramatics '35 '36 '37
Music Club
Orchestra





JOHN MARQUIS

Green House

Buckeye Leaves

Dramatics '35 '36 President '37

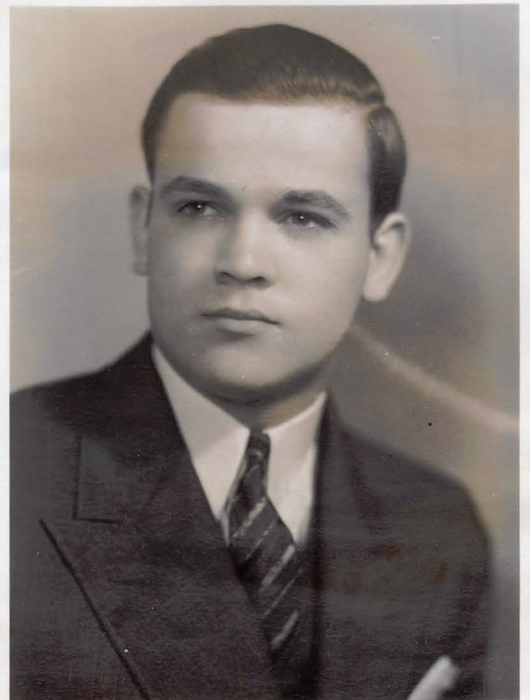
Music Club

Orchestra

Student Council '35 '36 '37

DOUGLAS MCMANIGAL

Varsity Football '37





MARY MORRILL

Orange House
Intramural Athletics
B. U. G. Club '36 '37
Cheer Leader '35 '36
Hi-Lights '36 '37
Dramatics '35 '36
Music Club
Orchestra
Student Council Vice-Pres. '37

JUDITH NEIL

Green House
Intramural Athletics
B. U. G. Club '36 '37





CAROLYN OTTING

Maroon House

Dramatics '36 '37

GERTRUDE PAHLOW

Orange House

Intramural Athletics

B. U. G. Club '36 '37

Hi-Lights Editor '35 '36

Dramatics '37





MARCELLA RANDALL

Orange House

Intramural Athletics

B. U. G. Club '36 '37

Hi-Lights '37

RICHARD RIESENBERGER

Green House

Intramural Athletics

Hi-Y Club '36 '37

Hi-Lights '37

Dramatics '37





JAMES RUTH

Orange House
Intramural Athletics

ROBERT SALTER

Intramural Athletics
Hi-Y Club '36 '37
Varsity Swimming '36





ANN SCHANFARBER

Blue House
Intramural Athletics
B. U. G. Club '37
Hi-Lights '37
Athletic Board '37

BERTHA SCHIFF

Green House
Intramural Athletics
B. U. G. Club '37
Hi-Lights '37
University Hi Singers





• MILDRED SCHIFF

Maroon House

Intramural Athletics

B. U. G. Club President '37

Hi-Lights Editor '37

Dramatics '35

Student Council '37

GENE SHERMAN

Green House

Intramural Athletics

Varsity Basketball '36 Captain '37





ANTHONY STALLMAN

Orange House

Intramural Athletics

Hi-Y Club '37

Varsity Football '37

Varsity Swimming '36 '37

Varsity Track '36 '37

Hi-Lights '37

Athletic Board '37

ROBERT STEPHENS

Blue House

Hi-Y Club '35 '36

Varsity Basketball '37

Varsity Football Captain '37





JOHN TEMPLE

Green House

Varsity Football '35

Varsity Track Manager '35

Hi-Lights '37

LESLIE TEPLÉ

Blue House

Intramural Athletics

Hi-Y Club '36 '37

Varsity Football '37

Varsity Tennis '36

Hi-Lights '35





CHARLOTTE VAN DYKE

Intramural Athletics

B. U. G. Club '36 '37

Hi-Lights Art Editor '36

Dramatics '36

JOHN WELCH

Maroon House

Intramural Athletics

Hi-Y Club '36 '37

Varsity Basketball '36 '37

Varsity Football '37

Varsity Track '37

Hi-Lights '36

Dramatics '37





CLASS HISTORY

Out of the forty students who were the first eighth grade class in the University School, seventeen brave souls still remain to tell the tale. The history of the third graduating class begins on the bright and sunny day of October third, nineteen thirty-two, and, to present knowledge, ends with the equally bright and sunny day of June the eleventh, nineteen thirty-seven.

The first year was, in the opinion of the surviving seventeen human guinea pigs who have so nobly given themselves up to an educational experiment, the best one. An efficient form of government was established. It was called a Board of Directors. The Board's job was to not only plan parties but also to help select topics for Social Science, class discussion, etc. At this time Ralph Lucas became known as the "student" and helped many a classmate with his three "R's." The biggest event of the year was a class picnic. Jack Huggard and Dick Bennett (big shots) made all the other boys jealous because they wore long pants. This year had united the class and aroused a definite feeling of comradeship.

The next fall the enrollment showed a falling in the number of members of the class. John Welch was among the missing but he returned two years later. Some new members were added to the group. Bob Salter livened up the noon hour with his piano playing and Gene Sherman fascinated fellow students with his tap dancing. Even at this early date John Kuhn and John Temple showed tendencies toward becoming Don Juans. It was at this time that Judy Neil became a frequent visitor to the art room. News of University School spread like wildfire, for Bob Carter and Joyce Goss of Worthington, entered the class. Joy Couch found her joy in going with friends in the upper grades. The class gave several parties that year but the feeling of unity of the year before was lacking, thus making a bad beginning for the sophomore year.

The year 1934-35 the tenth grade was not really a class. It was divided into three sections which never met together. However the members became definitely more grown up. They managed to put a finger in every pie by becoming active in such activities as Hi-Lights, School Council, and Buckeye Leaves. By this time Howard Knight, Tony Stallman, Skeets Dakan and Bob Hildreth had safety-pinned their way into Hi-Y. Ted Kalassay made his triumphal entry into the school by interrupting an English class. Believing in the old saying "United we stand, divided we fall," the class tried to unite for the next year by finishing the year with a swimming party.

Many new students entered in the Junior year and thus destined the class to be a graduating one of forty-two. Many of these new members became known for certain traits: Dick Reisenberger for his "style"; James Ruth for his "friendliness"; Irvin Blackburn for his "sketches"; Doug McManigal for his "individualism" and Janet Baker and Jane Hern for their respective "giggle" and "petiteness." Bill Dawson began his never-ending spree of news articles "a la Grantland Rice." Since the University School is a progressive school, the class felt its duty to help the school progress in many ways. Mary Morrill and Bob Bohannon were among the class members who helped bring the School Council out of debt. Gertrude Pahlow and Phyllis Kessel restarted Hi-Lights where Bertha Schiff's drawings became famous. Two of the girls, Mildred Schiff and Gertrude Pahlow started the first girls' club in the school, later named B. U. G. This year was outstanding because of the memorable trip to Detroit, which the Juniors and Seniors made. The class also had its annual picnic, which was a huge success, and put an end to their fourth year in University School.

The last known chapter of the class of 1937 was written this year. As the third graduating class, they can look back with pride on their many accomplishments. They finally united the class by their Friday morning class meetings. They were the first class to get as far as choosing a class play and having a director. Although they did not go through with the plans because of interference with the Dramatics Workshop Production, Dorothy Coddington, John Marquis and Dorothy Hoxworth will long be remembered for their roles in "The Adding Machine." Leslie Teple is also to be praised for his help back stage with the scenery and George Keil for his lighting effects. They were the first class to have a real, live yearbook, which included school activities as well as pictures of Seniors and many other students. A lot of credit is due Bob Stephens for this yearbook. Through the efforts of many of the members of the class they have tried to make Hi-Lights a permanent undertaking in

the school.

The class will always remember the fun they had while working and participating in the Russian Christmas program. Caroline Otting worked especially hard and faithfully to make it a success. Marcella Randall served on many committees during the year. The athletic figures in the class cannot be ignored, either. Ann Schanfarber has set a record for girls' athletic awards, winning one in every sport except track. Harold Fisher won the diving championship of Columbus two years in succession. In club work the class as a whole has been well represented and have spent much time and energy working in such organizations as Hi-Y, B. U. G., Council, Music, and Dramatics. The history of the class cannot be completed without mention of the memorable trip to New York, a trip which will last long in the memories of all who went.

The history of the Senior Class of 1937 is still being written in the sands of time. It will go on being written long after the Senior statements have all been handed out and the last note of "Come Seniors, One and All" has floated away.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF 1937 SENIOR CLASS

We, the third graduating class of the University High School, being in intelligent, sane, and sober minds, at this time, bequeath the following to our undergraduate friends:

Article One—I, Richard Bennett, do relinquish my ever ready candid camera and snapshots to all the nosy little undergrads, who marvel at my ability.

Article Two—I, Robert Bohannon, by graduation, hereby deprive the School Council of its most dignified representative, since Stu Eagleson, but bequeath my Presidential sceptre to the Senior of next year, most fitted to hold the reins of School Government.

Article Three—I, Robert Carter, leave the school bereft of my dry quaint humor and managerial powers. So sorry.

Article Four—I, Theodore Kalassay, leave my newspaper business ideas to any up and coming journalist in the next Senior class (probably Miss Dawson?). I also leave the U High walls enscribed with the names of my past romances—would-be playboys, please note.

Article Five—I, Mary Morrill, wish to take with me, my mathematical genius—however I leave my earnest desire for good "gettin' up School Spirit" campaigns to Ellen Kahle, plus my love of Athletics.

Article Six—I, John Welch, bequeath what's left of mah Southan accent to Bill Gruber. My hopes for a basketball championship next year, I leave to Tommy Hill to realize.

Article Seven—I, Jack Huggard, hoping to reach great Dramatic heights, do leave the Dramatic Workshop minus one of its best character part players.

Article Eight—I, Bertha Schiff, leave my sport drawings for Hi-Lights to Margie Neff to carry on.

Article Nine—I, Jane Hern, leave my infectious laugh and tiny mite structure to Ralston Werum.

Article Ten—I, Phyliss Kessel, leave my college entrance hopes and love of French to "little sister," Barbara Lattimer.

Article Eleven—I, Margaret Fisher, leave almost every organization in school without a manager. I hope Faith Colgan takes over the "reflessments" for all future school parties.

Article Twelve—I, Ann Schanfarber, leave Hortense, Jean, Louie and Betty without transportation (that's a minor point) but I leave Dot Lindquist the whole Blue House to lead on to victory in every sport again next year.

Article Thirteen—I, Dorothy Coddington, leave the rah rah spirit to Frances Arant to carry on again next year.

Article Fourteen—I, Dorothy Hoxworth, leave Mr. Giles without a crack advertising manager for his future performances. However, I hope to see Jane Banks taking my job over.

Article Fifteen—I, Mildred Schiff, leave that very young club, the B.U.G.'s with my hopes for many more grand parties and good times for all its members. I leave to the best man (girl in this case) the little hammer to keep the club gossips from ruining meetings.

Article Sixteen—I, Everett Dakan, leave my sober and decorous ways to Tom Goodman. Also my deepseated Hi-Y interest.

Article Seventeen—I, Howard Knight, leave Phillip to the school, with hopes that he'll grow up to be a big "Committeeman" like big brother. I also leave the Lindquist doorstep (provided I make Yale).

Article Eighteen—I, Tony Stallman, leave mathematics class, slightly bewildered (as always). I leave next year's gate receipts to Tommy Packer to collect.

Article Nineteen—I, Ralph Lucas, leave Buckeye Leaves and the English folders bereft of any future creative masterpieces. I leave my flute to Bill Casey for next year's orchestra.

Article Twenty—I, John Marquis, leave to Warren Mathews the delights of Socialism, Communism, the Dramatics Workshop and printing press.

Article Twenty-one—I, Irvin Blackburn, beside leaving Jean quite lonely, will permit Ben Burt to carry on with Hi-Lights covers.

Article Twenty-two—I, Judith Neil, leave Adelaide to make the name of University High reknown for, well—most anything. She can.

Article Twenty-three—I, Caroline Otting, bequeath my future Christmas plans to Simeon Nash.

Article Twenty-four—I, Joyce Goss, leave the babies in the lower school for Faith Colgan to play with.

Article Twenty-five—I, Marcella Randall, leave my sweetness and propriety to Inez Norman.

Article Twenty-six—I, Gertrude Pahlow, leave my appetite and whimsical ways to Gay Hull.

Article Twenty-seven—I, Charlotte Van Dyke, leave the dining-room waiters in peace and sister Jerry in an uproar.

Article Twenty-eight—I, Douglas McManigal, leave Industrial Arts plus my ingenious nature to Ferd Schoedinger.

Article Twenty-nine—I, Wilfred Dawson, leave my lovely wavy hair to Bob Hobbs.

Article Thirty—I, Robert Stephens, herewith leave my last suggestions for Orientations. Pep 'em up. Also hope next year's yearbook turns out as grand as this one. I'm chairman.

Article Thirty-one—I, Robert Hildreth, don't want to leave anything, 'specially the Hi-Y, but hope next year brings forth another valuable combination stage architect and football player like myself.

Article Thirty-two—I, Gene Sherman, leave my orchestral hopes and promises for Mr. Bradshaw to keep for me, until I can really claim them.

Article Thirty-three—I, George Keil, leave my lighting effects unto Bob Byers.

Article Thirty-four—I, James Ruth, leave my suavity to Jimmy Cheney to acquire.

Article Thirty-five—I, Janet Baker, leave my unfailing good humor and fervent dreams of Maroon team supremacy to Helen Spencer.

Article Thirty-six—I, Harold Fisher, leave my swimming medals to be kept bright and shiny as promised by Bob Brundage. Bob, don't fail me.

Article Thirty-seven—I, Joy Couch, leave University Drug Store to Louise Auld.

Article Thirty-eight—I, John Temple, leave my "steady" powers to Cecil North, the inconsistent youngster.

Article Thirty-nine—I, John Kuhn, leave Cynthia and with her my life's light (wait till college gets you, John).

Article Forty—I, Richard Reisenberger, leave my "Esquire appeal" and dramatic talent to Dick English.

Article Forty-one—I, Leslie Teple, leave my cheery baritone voice to Louie Hill.

Article Forty-two—I, Robert Salter, leave my bow ties and loud shirts to Joe Levinger.

Article Forty-three—We, the Seniors, collectively, leave the faculty collectively in peace. May Heaven preserve 'em.

JUNIOR CLASS



Left to right: Rear row—Pritchard, Sampson, Schoedinger,
Werum, D.Goodman, Cheney, Hill, T.Goodman, Gruber

Fourth row—Burt, Tinsley, W. Cook, Nash, Ashman, Davidson,
Conrad, Mathews, Bowen, Dupre

Third row—Miller, Colgan, Norman, McVeigh, K.Hayes, Auld,
Stocking, Page, Livingston, Baker, Hobbs, North, Byers,
Packer

Second row—Wallick, Ruff, Kahle, Meek, Koebel, Edmonds,
Brinker, Manley, Temple, Hughes, Hall

Front row—M. Hayes, Banks, Townsend, MacClean, Spencer,
Buchner, Lindquist, Dawson, Lattimer, Wert, Mueller,
C. Cook, Hanford

SOPHOMORE CLASS



Left to right: Rear row—Middleton, Charters, Bohannon, Jordan
Wright

Third row:—Van Til, Wilson, Chamberlin, Spangler, Mechlin

Second row—Lampman, Barriclow, Millar, Yee, Blosser, Polster
Ford, Batcheler, English

Front row—Neil, Battenfield, Arant, Kohn, Clingan, Gupp, Tyler
Ries, Neff

STUDENT COUNCIL



Left to right: Rear row—Bennet, Bohannon, Dupre, Livingston,
Marquis, H. Fisher

Second row—M. Fisher, Schiff, Blunt, Lindquist, Yee, Morrill

Front row—Dreese

VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM



Left to right: Rear row—Milligan (coach), Ashman, Livingston
Welch, Dupre, Carter (manager)

Front row—Hobbs, Hill, Gruber, Sherman, Blackburn, Dawson
Dakan

VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM



Left to right: Rear row—Packer, Hughes, Bigler, Riesenberger
Stallman, Cheney, Knight, Fisher, Teple, Heizer, Brundage
Quinn (manager), Milligan (coach)

Front row—Carter, McManigal, Gruber, Werum, Gruber,
Werum, Goodman, Welch, Stephens, Dakan, Lemmon,
Hildreth

VARSITY SWIMMING TEAM



Left to right: Rear row—Stykes (coach), Pritchard, Davidson,
Sampson, Bowen, Burt, Tinsley, Schoedinger
Front row—Byers, Werum, Knight, Fisher, Bohannon, Brundage,
Chamberlin, North

VARSITY TRACK TEAM



Left to right: Rear row—Keil, Stallman, Synder (Coach),
Burt, Fowle, English

Front row—Fisher, Dakan, North

HI-Y CLUB



Left to right: Rear row—Chamberlin, Jordan, Milligan,
Stallmgn, Davidson, Teple

Third row—Hill, Lemmon, Livingston, Fisher, Riesenberger,
Blackburn

Second row—Gruber, Temple, Hobbs, Welch, Dawson, Keil,
Salter, Kalassay

Front row—Werum, Bowen, Carter, Knight, Hildreth, Dakan,
North, Hughes

B. U. G. CLUB



Left to right: Rear row—Arant, Barricklow, Blosser, Kohn,
Yee, Neff, Ries, Tyler, Battenfield, Blunt, Morrill, M. Schiff
Third row—Neil Hoxworth, Schanfarber, Goss, Baker, Fisher,
Miller, Hayes, Ruff
Second row—Randall, Kessel, Coddington, Mueller, Edmonds,
Wert, Brinker, Manley, Hull, Van Dyke, Norman, B. Schiff
Front row—Koebel, Bucher, Specer, Banks, Lindquist, Meek,
Colgan, Lattimer, Dawson, MacClean, Townsend

CAST OF "THE ADDING MACHINE"



Left to right: Rear row—Giles, Casey
Third row—Baker, Temple, Norman, Dupre, Riesenberger
Coddington, Hern, Dawson, Keil
Second row—Kessel, Banks, Spencer, Van Dyke, Lattimer
Hoxworth, Metcalf, Lucas, Bohannon
Front row—Levinger, Burt, Marquis, Huggard, English
Mathews

MEMBERS OF THE COURT OF THE
CHRISTMAS PAGEANT



Left to right: Rear row—Coddington, Pahlow, Kessel, Huggard,
Lucas, Hoxworth, Stallman, Baker, Fisher, Bohannon,
Welch, Goss, Hildreth, Hern, Marquis, Neil
Front row—Dakan, Yee, Knight, Fisher, Keil, Carter

CLASS PROPHECY

INFERNAL NIGHTMARE

The wind roared and the rain came down in torrents as I was led toward the dark, wide river Styx. The land was desolate and the sound of moaning voices filled me with dread. My guide, an old grayhaired soul, or shade, as he was called in the Inferno, blew a long steam whistle and I saw a tiny boat slowly approaching me. No doubt this was the ferry which took the lost souls over the Styx into Hell. As the boat drew nearer, imagine my surprise when the ferryman suddenly stood up and shouted with his feeble, quavering voice, "University — rah! University — rah! Rah! Rah! University!"

I started abruptly. Could it be that someone I had known long ago in my high school days, was now in Purgatory? I looked again. Why—it was my old friend Harold Fisher, now nothing but a frail shade, I noticed with sorrow. I asked Harry how he happened to have sunk so far, and he told me how, after high school days he joined the Navy and became captain of a huge battleship, which was sunk in the war of 1967 between Germenglandia and Italifracia. He was drowned while bombing an enemy canoe, and his soul was taken to Hell to receive punishment for accidentally killing a cockroach in his bunk, during the excitement.

My old guide hastened me on to the first gate of Hell so I bade a tearful farewell to Harry. Soon there was a loud bolt of thunder and a tiny shade hurried past me, crying bitterly. I called to it and as it slowly came back I could see it was a little old lady. Why—none other than Jane Hern! Between sobs it explained to me that while on Earth it had been a dressmaker and now was condemned to be chased by a thunderbolt, for sticking pins into a dressmaker's dummy. The little soul knew I wanted to see if more of my old friends had been made to suffer too, so it led me into a huge cave. There I found a bewildered looking Ann Schanfarber, trying to catch thousands of tennis balls as they roared down upon her from the roof. She was chained to the floor, by a huge ball and over her was a sign which read "Do not get too close. This soul gets violent at times." My guide privately confided to me that she had been hit by an "ace" serve, during a tennis match on Earth and had never quite recovered completely.

Over in the other end of the cave, we found Phyllis Kessel, in moth-eaten rags, writing the multiplication table over and over again on a piece of slate. Once a big lady-financier on Earth, she now tried in vain to recall the division table, and was too absorbed to recognize us.

Outside again, we saw a poor, tottering, old soul trying to lead a band of bullfrogs. Bob Salter, poor devil, was trying to make them harmonize and they refused. "Discord," says 'e, just like 'way back in school when discord haunted the building at noontime.

Gene Sherman, we found suspended by the neck from a tree, until just his toes touched. He had worn away his shoes by constant tap dancing in this position.

As we walked on, through this nightmare of eternal torture, we came upon a large arena. Inside were John Kuhn and John Temple, both quite heavy old shades now, and dressed in prickly red flannel underwear, running for dear life, 'round and 'round the arena, chased by four charging bulls. My guide, looking through his punishment book, informed me that both fellows had been owners of motor car industries, back in life, and the Devil felt they needed more exercise now.

I turned away sorrowfully—only to see a little old man, strangely like Dick Reisenberger, walk solemnly past me, clad in rags. Poor Dick—how he must have hated those unstylish robes! A huge red steam shovel roared past with Jack Huggard and John Welch at the wheel. In the rear end of the truck three tired old souls, Jimmy Ruth, Bob Carter and George Keil, stopped shovelling and looked up long enough to wave to me. Sweat was streaming from their brows as they rested on their shovels. A huge three-headed animal towered over them, occasionally threatening them with its tail.

I was asked if I wished to see the only theatre in Hell. It turned out to be the Inferno Palace, by name, owned by the late Richard Bennett, now a tormented, baldheaded little soul who didn't

know me at all. I found Bob Bohannon leading souls on tours through Hell, accompanied by wrinkled little Margaret Fisher who served them infernal refreshments.

We passed the huge office of the Devil, where the souls were first taken. Venturing to peek into the first office, we saw over the door in huge fiery letters—"See Robert Hildreth for your legal advice!" Fancy finding Bob in such a place.

Inside the courtroom of the Devil we found a shriveled up little soul with black locks, bellowing out the names of the incoming victims. 'Twas Doug McManigal himself. Off in one corner, surrounded by Telephones, sat Bob Stephens, his long bony fingers nervously pulling switches off and on. Over him we saw a long whip attached to an alarm clock. Poor Bob seemed to be having a difficult time, too.

As we left, the rattle of heavy chains was heard, as Janet Baker and Joy Couch were led past us, both bent and gray, waiting to be sentenced by His Royal Lowness. Scarcely a word of greeting was spoken.

Out again, Leslie Teple and Bill Dawson, clad in the flowing robes of the underworld, were swinging from the trees, never stopping. No doubt reverting back to Nature, we felt. They did not long enough to wave, however.

John Marquis and Ralph Lucas, both famed authors on Earth, were writing page after page of manuscript, their fingers worn to the bone with work. It seems the Devil required them to write eight hundred pages every day, without stopping. They too, were little inclined to stop and chat.

Nearby we found a pathetic sight. Coming to a small pond we discovered Ted Kalassay, Tony Stallman and Howard Knight, once "gay blades" about the school, now submerged to their chins in water. Suspended above them were two beautiful girls whom the fellows could hear but not see plainly. The boys looked quite different, with their gray beards and scant locks, quivering with the cold. Howie, who had been down in Hell for quite some time, was quite disgusted with the whole frame-up. We left them to their miseries and turned into a deep forest, where Everett Dakan, also bearded and bent with age, wandered aimlessly around, year after year, looking for his old cronies. He looked perplexed when we informed him that they were just outside the woods, and he continued wandering among the trees.

Hearing the sound of heavy tramping feet, we turned to see Trudy Pahlow and Charlotte Van Dyke come dancing by. Trudy had begun to grow wings, because she expected the Devil to permit her to go up to Heaven any day now. The poor soul was doomed to eternal disappointment. After bumming a cigarette from me, she asked if I had seen Marcella Randall or Joyce Goss, both of whom were teaching the Unholy Scriptures to a bunch of Satan's imps. I replied I had not seen them.

My old guide then took me to see Caroline Otting, who was languishing in a cell until the Devil could find something to condemn her for; and Judy Neil and Bertha Schiff who, together, played ring-around-the-rosy all day long, 'til they were dizzy.

Dot Coddington we saw in Satan's kitchen, cooking over a huge flaming cauldron, while her old friend Mary Morrill, now a frail gray haired little old shade, knitted socks for the Devil himself. They sat and wept as we recalled the good old days in University School back on Earth.

I finally decided I had seen enough of Hell and wanted to go back up. We left, but as we got on the boat to cross the Styx again, Dot Hoxworth hobbled up and tried to sell us tickets to "The Subtracting Machine" to be given by the "old souls' workshop" next year. On the floor of the boat I stumbled over an absorbed figure whom I recognized as Mildred Schiff. She was lying in the bottom typing a newspaper article for "The Devil's Alibi" an infernal newspaper.

As I left the last gates of Hell, Irv Blackburn waddled up to sell me a "hand painted Souvenir of Hell," the final blow. May Heaven preserve my dear classmates from such depths and prevent the class prophecy committee from eating lobsters again before beginning work.

